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BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS
THE
BEST TONIC
This medicine cures all the ailments of women, such as
Pain in the head, back, and limbs, and all the
debility and weakness of the system, and is
the best tonic for women of all ages.
It is sold by all druggists and grocers.
Beware of cheap imitations.
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ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
BUSINESS CARDS.

ALBERT B. TAVEL
HAS NOW IN STOCK A VERY LARGE
STOCK OF
BLANK BOOKS,
Invoiced and Letter Books, Letter Presses,
Gold and Steel Pens, and
STATIONERY GENERALLY.
All of which will be sold at Moderate Prices
at 140 Union Street,
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HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Room over Plaster's Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
(17 Jan 1885)

Edward Laurent,
ARCHITECT
No. 22 PUBLIC SQUARE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after nat-
ural ones are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Dec. 11

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.
Over Jones & Co's. Store,
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan. 8-85-17

The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you
make it tell a sweeter tale?
Magnolia Balm is the charm-
er that almost cheats the
looking-glass.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of
man and beast need a cooling
lotion. Mustang Liniment.

ST. PETER AND THE BASKETS.

St. Peter from the door of Heaven one day
saw two young angels on their knees in prayer.
For the first time he saw the world in May—
Both bearing baskets.

They were to bring back flowers more fragrant
than budding rose and blooming hawthorn
are.
They were to bring the praise of all the stars
back in their baskets.

The angel of thanksgiving, full of gloom,
bowed a big hamper half as big as he
but the collector of petitions saw
With a small basket.

When they returned, St. Peter, as before,
sat with his golden keys beside the door;
but such appeared to be in trouble sore
About his basket.

The angel of petitions bore a sack
of flour full and bound unceasingly on his back;
yet even then it seemed that he had lack
Of flour and basket.

The angel of thanksgiving blushed to find
The empty basket of his mighty crew;
"But there!" he muttered, turning on his heel
To hide his basket.

Then spoke St. Peter: "When again you go
On a prayer gathering, you will better know
That men's petitions in the world below
Fill a big basket."

"But when you gather up their thanks
For prayers well answered and forbidden
Pranks,
For humbly rendered, and disordered thanks,
Take your smallest basket."

—Good Words.

THE GODDESS TCHI-NU.

A Beautiful Legend from Chinese
Literature.

In the quaint commentary accompanying
the text of that holy book of
Lao-tseu called *Xan-ying-pien* may be
found a little story so old that the name
of the one who first told it has been for-
gotten for a thousand years, yet so beau-
tiful that it lives still in the memory of
four hundred millions of people, like a
prayer that, once learned, is forever re-
membered. The Chinese writer makes
no mention of any city nor of any prov-
ince, although even in the relation of
the most ancient traditions such an omis-
sion is rare; we are only told that the
name of the hero of the legend was
Tong-ying, and that he lived in the
years of the great dynasty of Han, some
twenty centuries ago.

Tong-ying's mother had died while
he was yet an infant, and when he be-
came a youth of nineteen years his
father also passed away, leaving him
utterly alone in the world, and without
resources of any sort, for, being a very
poor man, Tong-ying's father had put him-
self to great pains to educate the lad,
and had not been able to lay by even
one copper coin of his earnings. And
Tong-ying lamented greatly to find himself
so destitute that he could not honor the
memory of that good father by having
the customary rites of burial performed,
and a coffin placed over his remains.
The poor lad, who was only a friend-
less orphan, and among all those whom
Tong-ying knew there was no one able to
assist him in defraying the expenses of the
funeral. In one way only could the
youth obtain money—by selling himself
as a slave to some rich cultivator, and
this at last he decided to do. In vain
his friends did their utmost to dissuade
him, and to no purpose did they attempt
to delay the accomplishment of his ac-
cursed by beguiling promises of future
aid. Tong only replied that he would
sell his freedom a hundred times, if it
were possible, rather than suffer his
father's memory to remain unhonored
even for a brief season. And further-
more, confiding in his youth and
strength, he determined to put a high
price upon his servitude—a price that
would enable him to build a handsome
tomb, but which it would be well-nigh
impossible for him ever to repay, and
thereby repurchase his freedom.

Accordingly he repaired to the broad
public place where slaves and debtors
were exposed for sale, and seated him-
self upon a bench of stone, having
affixed to his shoulders a placard in-
scribed with the terms of his servitude
and the list of his qualifications as a
laborer. Many who read the characters
upon the placard smiled disdainfully at
the price asked, and passed on without
a word; others lingered only to ques-
tion him out of simple curiosity; some
commended him with hollow praise; some
openly mocked his weakness and
laughed at his childish piety. Thus
many hours wearily passed, and Tong
had almost despaired of finding a mas-
ter, when there rode up a high official
of the province, a grave and handsome
man, lord of a thousand slaves and
owner of vast estates. Riding in his
Tartar horse, the official halted to read
the placard and to consider the value of
the slave. He did not smile, or advise,
or utter any questions; but having ob-
served the price asked and the fine strong
limbs of the youth, purchased him with-
out further ado, merely ordering the at-
tendant to pay the sum and to see that
the necessary papers were made out.

Thus Tong found himself enabled to
fulfill the wish of his heart, and to have
a monument built which, although of
small size, was destined to hold the
eyes of all who beheld it, designed by
renowned artists and executed by skillful
sculptors. And while it was yet design-
ed only, the pious rites were performed,
the silver coin was placed in the mouth
of the dead, the white lanterns were
hung at the door, the holy prayers were
recited, and paper shapes of all things
the departed might need in the land of
the dead were consumed in consecrated
fire. And after the pious rites and the
renewal of the tomb, the young man
which no unlucky star could shine upon,
a place of rest which no demon or
dragon might ever disturb, the beautiful
slave was built. Then was the phantom
money strewn along the way, and the
funeral procession departed from the
dwelling of the dead, and with prayers
and lamentation the mortal remains of
Tong's good father were borne to the tomb.

Then Tong entered as a slave into the
service of his purchaser, who allotted
him a little hut to dwell in; and thither
Tong carried with him those wooden
tablets, bearing the ancestral names, be-
fore which filial piety must daily burn
the incense of prayer, and perform the
tender duties of family worship.

Thrice had spring perfumed the breast
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PYGMY ELEPHANTS.

An Artist's Interesting Talk About Mini-
ature Elephants, Horses and Whales.

"How is that for an elephant?" said
an artist, taking a green cloth from a
clay model of an elephant about twelve
inches in length. "Yes, it is small,"
he continued, "but that's just the great
point in its favor. See the bone." He
continued, taking up a small object
from a table—"the real bone of the ele-
phant I am making a model of. It was
the famous, recently-discovered pygmy
elephant of Europe. Some months ago
a party of French geologists, rambling
through Italy, came upon great num-
bers of these bones, and soon identified
them as a race of elephants that were
not extinct, as we had been taught to
believe, but that they had been living
in the adult form, or old age, much
smaller than any of the baby elephants
that have been exhibited in this coun-
try. Their young in turn were ele-
phants in miniature, being about as
large as a small cat, and could easily
have been held upon the open palm.
Herds of these pygmies were undoubt-
edly captured by early man, and if the
circumstances in existence then we can im-
agine a rare entertainment. What a
troupe of elephants could have been
marched in. First would appear the
great mammoth, with its long nose
of hair; then the dicertherium, with its in-
curved tusks; the gigantic gangesa,
from India, with its small head and
enormous tusks extending fourteen feet
in front, and finally, last, but not least,
the pygmies and their young, arousing
the enthusiasm of the throng of young
care-dwellers.

"The pygmies, as far as known, rep-
resented two distinct species, known to
science as *Elephas melitensis* and *E.
falconeri*, and their remains are found
over a wide geographical area, showing
that they had an extended range. In the
second book of the 'Zineid' Virgil notes
a tradition to the effect that Sicily was
at one time a part of the mainland, and
it is now believed by many that long
ago Italy was connected with Africa by
a neck of land, that Malta and other
islands were then a part of it. Over this
ancient bridge the pygmy elephants
are supposed to have made their way
into Europe, where their tracks can
be traced in many localities. In
Malta most of the skeletons have been
found, while others have been discov-
ered in various parts of Italy, and
among others in the Apennines, and in
the Pyrenees. These were real pygmies,
while the so-called dwarf elephants of
today are merely elephants whose
growth has been retarded in some nat-
ural or artificial manner.

"The pygmies, however, were not all
elephants, as at that time pygmy horses
roamed the slopes and valleys of North
America. They were the ancestors of
our present horse, and their remains
have been found in such quantities that
more than twenty different kinds have
been recognized. The smallest of these
pygmies was not much larger than a
fox, and was considerably more than
the present horse. It lived in what has
been termed the eocene time, and is
called the *hippobos*. Instead of walk-
ing on the tip of a single toe or hoof,
as does the horse of to-day, it had four
well-developed toes and a rudimentary
fifth. In a later bed of the same time
is found the *ororhippus*—a pygmy horse,
with four perfect toes in front and
three behind. A great many ages later,
in the beds of the miocene time, bones
of the *meshippus* appear. Then the
horse was as large as a sheep—equaling
in size the pygmy elephant. Its feet
were still divided, as it had three toes
and the splint of another in each fore-
foot, and three toes behind. Following
this came other forms, as the *anchitherium*,
then the *hipparion*, as large as a
donkey, and finally the *pliohippus*, with
a single toe on each foot, and the
direct ancestor of our great horse of to-
day, in the feet of which, if one care-
fully examines, are to be found rudimen-
tary splint bones that are the representa-
tives of the toes that were fully devel-
oped in the ancient forms. In Yale
College a very complete set of these
strange bones, from the pygmy form of
long ago to the horse of to-day, can be
seen, the result of the researches in the
far West of Prof. Marsh.

"A few months ago a pygmy whale
was washed ashore on the New Jersey
coast, and was sent to the National
Museum, where it was found to be a
very small whale, but instead of being
sixty or eighty feet in length and weigh-
ing several tons, it measured only nine
feet in length, and was accompanied by
a baby pygmy that was a little over a
foot long. The pygmy whale properly
belongs to the *cetacean* group, and is
often seen on the California coast, but
this specimen probably strayed around
the Horn, and with perhaps a few com-
panions was wandering about the At-
lantic, or, as some one suggested, wait-
ing for the canal through the Isthmus
for a short cut home.

"Among the birds there is a pygmy
quail—a delicate little creature, so
small that the ancient Chinese used to
warm their hands in cold weather by
carrying a bird in each closed palm.
Among the quadrupeds the pygmy deer
is perhaps the most interesting, and
the most attractive of any of the minute
animals. It is the *cephalopithecus*
pygmaeus, and is confined to South
America—a most delicate and fragile
little creature, being hardly twelve
inches in length. The head is long and
pointed, the ears short and the horns
like two small, curved, delicate spurs,
being less than two inches in
height, highly polished and jet black.

"Quite as much of a pygmy is the
Sultana antelope, found in the hilly re-
gions of Abyssinia. Its height at the
shoulder is only fourteen inches; the
horns are exceedingly thin, and about
four inches long. The young of these
midnight of the booted tribe are beau-
tiful little creatures, those of the ante-
lope being about eight inches long when
born, and with their soft-colored fur,
delicate pipe-stem limbs, large and ex-
pressive eyes, they are, perhaps, the
most attractive of any of the minute
animals. I have," continued the artist,
"nearly all the interesting creatures in
my collection, and when placed to-
gether they present a striking and inter-
esting appearance, telling a story of the
curious modifications to which the va-
rious forms of life are subject. I am
going to make a model of each one for
a private museum, and they are to be
placed in contrast with the giants. Thus
the pygmy whale will be placed beside
the right whale, the small elephant
next to the giant mammoth, and so on
in this way the great extremes of life
are shown at a glance.—N. Y. Post.

"A little kindergarten scholar
complained to his mother that 'Jamie
wasn't a good boy to-day.' He didn't
put his hand over his eyes." "Why
should he do that?" was asked. "Be-
cause teacher says we must put our
hand over our eyes when we pray, and
Jamie did not do it, because I looked
through my fingers and saw him."—
Boston Post.

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WAR HAS BEGUN

BETWEEN SERBIA AND BULGARIA,